

THE SMOKE NUISANCE

By Roy L. McCardell.

Chapter I.

"O H, dear, I guess I'll have to get up after awhile, my cigarette has gone out!"

What need to say that these words were uttered by the Dozing District-Attorney?

The Dozing District-Attorney lay upon a sofa, for, of late, his motto in prosecuting hitherto respectable rich people had been along this line—sofa and no farther. Besides, he never sat asleep at the telephone switch at his desk any more.

Once in an evil hour a flashlight photographer from the Evening World had caught him napping there!

Chapter II.

Let it be understood right here that the Dozing District-Attorney was one of the elect. Before he was one of the elect he used to say the meanest things about Tammany, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company and insurance grafters. He even declared he would find The Man Higher Up and send Devery to jail.

Then he became one of the elect and fell fast asleep.

Chapter III.

The Dozing District-Attorney was wide awake now. He was a yuling with Chief Clerk Huckleberry pro and con. Mostly con, however.

"I am afraid our plan to deal gently with the erring is a failure," said Huckleberry. The papers are more yellow and hysterical than ever. They claim that there is an epidemic of crime in New York. Jack the Bear is at work again!"

"I am going to treat everybody alike," said the Dozing District-Attorney, with a yawn. "You call up Jack the Bear on the telephone and tell him he is arrested."

"But Jack the Bear is wise to that way; he doesn't even care that we have made out his habeas corpus and have his bail arranged. Jack the Bear won't come to the telephone at all."

"What clue have we that it is Jack the Bear?" asked Sleepy Bill, after a pause.

"He recently entered a mansion on Fifth avenue, and, after sandbagging the parlor maid, decamped with \$50,000 worth of jewels and a gold-trimmed phonograph," answered Huckleberry.

"Why steal a phonograph?" asked the Dozing District-Attorney.

"Men like Jack the Bear delight in adding to their criminal records," replied Huckleberry, hoarsely.

Chapter IV.

In all the luxurious ease of his sumptuously furnished bachelor apartments, for he was a married man on holiday, Jack the Bear sat puffing a cigarette. Not the kind the Dozing District-Attorney smokes, for there was work to do for Jack the Bear, no sleep for him this night!

His gaze fell upon a gold-mounted phonograph upon an onyx-topped table near by.

"Let us hear what you have to say for yourself!" said Jack the Bear, and touched the spring.

"Please, Mr. Jack the Bear, you're arrested!" was the message of the machine.

"Curse it! I am trapped!" exclaimed Jack the Bear. "By stealth and treachery, emissaries of the Dozing District-Attorney have invaded the privacy of my apartments, in my absence, and placed an order of arrest, after the modern method, in my machine! A 'duces tecum,' duce take 'em!"

An hour later Jack the Bear's lawyer appeared at the Dozing District-Attorney's office and offered to accept service if the case against his client would be nolle prossed.

This was agreed to.

The strong arm of the law can still strike, but it's padded so it won't hurt.

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

'UNWRITTEN LAWS' ARE OBSOLETE

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"My first duty is to my own name and to the future of my boy David. Even to save his father, I could not say I was guilty of dishonor and blight my baby's life."—Mrs. EMMA SHELTON CHALMERS.

SUCH is the philosophy of a woman of Memphis, Tennessee, whose husband shot a man of whom he was jealous, and relies on the "unwritten law" and his wife's testimony to save him from the gallows.

The situation seems more like the third act of a melodrama than an actual occurrence. Life is getting so far from melodrama these days that the survival of the various unwritten laws that have served mankind so long as an excuse for murder is the greatest anachronism of our times.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step," said Napoleon and some others before him. This step the nineteenth century took, and therefore we of the twentieth cannot afford to be either ridiculous or sublime.

It is a strange thing, however, that the further we get from the palm days of French tragedy, when the Louis's, that the most beautiful furniture in the world has immortalized, were sending people who had been to have deaths in plays about the most beautiful furniture in the world has immortalized, were sending people who had been to have deaths in plays about the most beautiful furniture in the world has immortalized,

and to death, it was considered in our plays, our novels, everything, indeed, except in the columns of our New York newspaper, where, by managerial fiat, it is a word taboo.

But, in exchange for rampant redness of our intellectual horizon, which is but the twilight afterglow of sunken centuries of gore, we have accepted a new unwritten law that abolishes all the others. It says, Thou shalt not make thyself ridiculous.

Murder, of the variety called justifiable in the big cities, where alone the heart-beat of the times is heard, is largely confined to the ignorant. Why should one kill one's enemy when letting him live will far better achieve the purpose of vengeance?

When we begin to philosophize we cease to act. That is why poor Hamlet had such a hard struggle in getting rid of his uncle, and made but a bungling job of it in the last act.

Hamlet was hundreds of years ahead of his time, when killing came easy. He was intellectually abreast of our time, when it is both uncomfortable and ridiculous. Philosophy and the cold selfishness of personal ease are rapidly making the "unwritten law" obsolete.

In the South, to be sure, they still manage to keep out a pitiful existence, but even there the blood and thunder doctrine is fast falling into disrepute.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Bath Tablets.

JENNIE W.—Here is a good formula for bath tablets: Powdered orax, four ounces; salicylic acid, sixty grains; essence of anise, one dram; essence of geranium, one dram; oil of lavender, twenty drops. Rub the oil and the extract with the orax and a very little water, enough to form tablets, which you can easily mold with your fingers. Use one tablet in a bath.

A Good Face Bleach.

MARION.—Here is the face bleach you ask for: Bichloride of mercury, in coarse powder, 10 grains; distilled water, 1 pint. Agitate the two together until a complete solution is obtained. Then add one-half ounce of glycerine. Apply with a small sponge as often as agreeable. This is not strong enough to blister and skin the face in average cases. It may be increased or reduced in strength by adding to or taking from the amount of bichloride of mercury. Do not forget that this last ingredient is a powerful poison and should be kept out of the reach of children and ignorant persons.

THE 'JOLLY' GIRLS—THEY Win! By George McManus



THE LOG OF NOAH'S ARK Devised and Illustrated By Walt McDougall

(Copyright by Walt McDougall.)



No. 22.—THE FIRST CASE OF MONOPOLY ABOARD THE ARK.

*** This Log Was Kept by Noah's Third Son, JAPHETH, and Is Here Turned into Versified Vernacular by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.***

April 2, 2315 B. C.
TODAY a sign was put on view
Before the whole admiring Zoo.
It read: "The Woodchuck and the Snake
Consider that the time is ripe
To brace up fellow-creatures' beauty.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,34, New York.

A Fighter's Love.

Dear Betty:
I am a young man twenty years old, a prize fighter, and while fighting in East New York I was introduced to a young lady about three years my senior, and I would like to know if it is proper to ask her to accompany me to the theatre, as I am deeply in love with her, and would like to marry her.

Her Cousin's Sweetheart.

Dear Betty:
On my vacation to a different city I met a young man I liked very much but it was impossible for me to let him know because he was keeping company with my cousin. Later I received a letter of my cousin stating that she is engaged to another and has nothing to do with this young man, and I know he loves me. Kindly let me know how I could attract his attention, for I have lots of relations in that city.

Egg Plant with Cheese.

REMOVE the shell from one egg plant and cut into lengthwise halves. After scooping out the seeds, place the pieces of egg plant in a saucepan of boiling water with a lump of salt, a small onion stuck with two or three cloves and a bunch of parsley. Boil until tender. When the egg plant is cooked drain well, put in a hot dish covered with small pieces of toast and cover with the following sauce: Rub to-

gether one tablespoonful of flour and one tablespoonful of butter. Place in a stewpan over the fire and add gradually one teaspoonful of boiling water. Cook for five minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and mix in two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese. This can be further improved by adding the juice of a small lemon before putting in the cheese.

Savory Potato Cakes.

TAKE twelve ounces of flaky mashed potato and rub through a fine sieve. Add two tablespoonfuls of warm butter, eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Blend these ingredients thoroughly and mix into a soft dough with one tablespoonful of cream and the yolks of two eggs. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut into little rounds and brush over with beaten white of egg. Bake in a quick oven until a nice brown. Split these cakes in half, butter and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

Mr and Out of the Theatres

It's all in the point of view. Mme. Yvette Guilbert looks at "Mrs. Warren's Profession" with French eyes, and in an article in the Monde even (Paris) has this to say:

"Among French people the case of Mrs. Warren would be considered as the supreme cry of anguish from the soul of a disappointed woman, accusing the world of heartlessness. 'I am what I am,' one can almost hear her say, 'because you are what you are.' Is a woman to be the passive victim, for all time and no matter what her condition, of arbitrary social conventions? When labor does not sufficiently attract men, by its rewards or its honors, they go on strike or bring about revolutions, and life by fire and sword that they struggle for the 'better life.' But woman appears to be doomed to remain without a remedy. In America and England Mrs. Warren was condemned immediately for the reason that she put forward theories she propounded appeared scandalous, owing to the fact that the playwright, faulty in his technique, had not sufficiently elaborated and folded them. In France the play would have been attentively listened to. There the play-going public would have entered into the spirit of and seized the psychological aspect of Mrs. Warren. They would have fully understood the miseries, griefs, temptations and struggles of a woman who was the innocent victim of a selfish and heartless society."

With Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, who has returned from London a wiser but a poorer man, it has been a case of being between two fires. The failure of "A Gilded Fool" and "The American Cyrenius" has led him to conclude that the purely American play has no appeal to the English public. Here, with "The Beauty and the Beast," he discovered that a purely local English play was quite as impossible to the American public. His experiences, however, have not discouraged his activities. It is understood he has secured "The Genius and the Model" and will at once begin rehearsals of that play, which has been given a rest after more or less eventful journeyings on the road. He lost an English leading woman on the way over—one of these marine disasters against which there is no insurance—but it is said that the beautiful Edna Goodrich will step into the empty high-heeled slippers and be the "Model" to Goodwin's "Genius." Meanwhile, Maxine Elliott, who closed her season in "Her Great Match" on Saturday night, is preparing to sail for the shores Mr. Goodwin has just quitted.

THE play's the thing after all, even when it is as English as they make 'em. It will be many a day before America says "dunkie doodie" to "Mr. Hopkins." With laughing crowds following in his wake the funny little boulder moves to Lew Fields's Theatre to-night to prolong a stay that Manager Hackett feared would be short and quiet.

WITH Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, who has returned from London a wiser but a poorer man, it has been a case of being between two fires. The failure of "A Gilded Fool" and "The American Cyrenius" has led him to conclude that the purely American play has no appeal to the English public. Here, with "The Beauty and the Beast," he discovered that a purely local English play was quite as impossible to the American public. His experiences, however, have not discouraged his activities. It is understood he has secured "The Genius and the Model" and will at once begin rehearsals of that play, which has been given a rest after more or less eventful journeyings on the road. He lost an English leading woman on the way over—one of these marine disasters against which there is no insurance—but it is said that the beautiful Edna Goodrich will step into the empty high-heeled slippers and be the "Model" to Goodwin's "Genius." Meanwhile, Maxine Elliott, who closed her season in "Her Great Match" on Saturday night, is preparing to sail for the shores Mr. Goodwin has just quitted.

THE play's the thing after all, even when it is as English as they make 'em. It will be many a day before America says "dunkie doodie" to "Mr. Hopkins." With laughing crowds following in his wake the funny little boulder moves to Lew Fields's Theatre to-night to prolong a stay that Manager Hackett feared would be short and quiet.

THE play's the thing after all, even when it is as English as they make 'em. It will be many a day before America says "dunkie doodie" to "Mr. Hopkins." With laughing crowds following in his wake the funny little boulder moves to Lew Fields's Theatre to-night to prolong a stay that Manager Hackett feared would be short and quiet.

THE GIRL FROM KANSAS.

By Alice Rohe.



WHAT'S become of Oscar Hawkins, the catch of the Kew Valley?" repeated the girl from Kansas. "He's dead from the scene of rail, dislocation and extravaganza, living polio with fear and anguish. He took Francina De Selva, her real name, Danny Botta, and she's in the chorus, out to dinner one night and when the waiter handed him a bill of \$5.50 he insisted he hadn't engaged board and room for a week. As a brace for this experience he dropped into a cafe and asked in a lody manner for a drink of the best brandy in the house. When the purveyor of liquid refreshment asked him 75 cents he wanted the police to raid the place. Francina is from Kansas City, Kan., but she has an uncle in the dairy produce business in Waubesa, Wis. She says she's glad Oscar's gone back home, for she is on the verge of an engagement with a perfectly grand man."

And he's from Kansas, too; only you'd never suspect it. Francina calls him the "Kansas Hustler," and she says he writes her the grandest letters, telling her he has an income of \$3,000 a year and a darling little home full of cozy corners off Central Park West. We're all agog about the Kansas Hustler, but you'll have to show Daisy and me something besides letters to make that \$3,000 a year story go. Anyway, we have suspicions Francina's a victim of one of those "Personal-Meet me at a Bridge" affairs.

"Francina's a terrible cat, anyway. She simply won't introduce us to her swell gentleman friends, but if she goes anything entertaining sitting in our studio you can't drive her out with rail insults. She's there with the broadest talk about how she's in the chorus for art's sake and all that prosy guff, fancy work that goes with the gullible."

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



THE tucked skirt in all its variations remains a favorite for thin materials and is being shown in some exceedingly graceful and attractive designs. This one is among the prettiest and is made of Queen's gray flannel with a full skirt and a fitted bodice. It is a most attractive and desirable design for all the light weight woods of the season, as well as for the heavy silks and velvets. It is a most attractive and desirable design for all the light weight woods of the season, as well as for the heavy silks and velvets. It is a most attractive and desirable design for all the light weight woods of the season, as well as for the heavy silks and velvets.

Five-Gored Tucked Skirt—Pattern No. 5322.
Pattern No. 5322 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.
How to Obtain these Patterns
Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.